

"BATTLE" IN BERLIN—TRAIN DRAMA SEARCH

The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

"OVER THE TOP" OF LONDON BRIDGE

PRINCESS REWEDS



A demobilised soldier surprised the pedestrians on London Bridge yesterday by suddenly throwing off his coat and taking a "header" from the parapet into the river. On being rescued he said he did it for a wager. The small photograph shows him after landing in charge of one of the policemen who took him to the police station.



Princess Natalia Constantinovitch, who divorced her husband, Mirko Petrovitch, Crown Prince of Montenegro (inset) in 1917, has married again at Eastbourne, where she has been living incognito for some months. Her choice this time has fallen on Count Gastone di Dudzele, and the couple were married at the local Roman Catholic Church.

WITNESSES AT THE INQUEST ON MRS. BREAKS: SOME PRINCIPALS IN THE MYSTERIOUS CASE.



Mr. Holt, accused's father, and Mr. Callis.



Mr. T. H. Gillett, who found the left-hand glove.



Miss Daisy Fish (left), Mr. Thornton and another sister of Mrs. Breaks.



Mr. Breaks, deceased's husband.

Dramatic evidence was given at the inquiry into the mysterious death of the beautiful Mrs. Breaks, who was found dead on the lonely sandhills between Blackpool and St. Annes-on-Sea. In the large photograph is seen Daisy Muriel Fish, one of the execu-

tors of her sister's will, who benefits under its terms. Other interesting personalities are Mr. John Stoddart Breaks, the husband, who gave evidence, and Mr. Callis, solicitor for the defence.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

Two challenge cups, value £10 each, to his two golf clubs to perpetuate his memory is a bequest by Mr. Thomas Roberts, Portmadoc, who left £18,721.

TWENTY-TWO KILLED IN "BATTLE" IN BERLIN STREETS

Mob Attempts to Storm Reichstag—Troops Use Machine Guns.

MARTIAL LAW PROCLAIMED IN GERMANY.

Berlin on Tuesday was the scene of what was almost a pitched battle between Labour demonstrators and the police and military.

The demonstrators, who were protesting against the provisions of the Trade Councils Bill, attempted to rush the Reichstag, with the result that the troops opened fire.

At least twenty rioters were killed and forty wounded, while the police lost two killed, two missing and ten wounded.

President Ebert has proclaimed martial law in Germany.

HEAVY DEATH-ROLL IN BERLIN FIGHTING.

Machine Guns Used to Disperse Labour Demonstrators.

"DOWN NOSKE" CRIES.

Following on a call for a general strike issued by the German Independent Socialists as a protest against the provisions of the Government Bill dealing with trade councils, a number of workmen demonstrated outside the Reichstag on Tuesday.

They attempted to rush the building, with the consequence that the Safety Police opened fire. Reports received at Berlin from Berlin, says Reuter, state that the police losses were two killed, two missing and ten wounded.

Twenty of the demonstrators were killed and forty wounded.

STATE OF SIEGE.

President Ebert has proclaimed a State siege throughout the whole of Germany with the exception of Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden and the surrounding districts.

In the morning, says the Exchange, *Freiheit* appealed to the Independent Socialists to demonstrate before the Reichstag against the compromise on the Trade Councils Bill.

Between two and three in the afternoon numerous processions marched up to the Reichstag buildings, many people being forced by threats to join in the demonstration.

"LABOUR TRAITOR."

Very few police were at first seen in the streets, and the military on duty were ordered not to interfere unless it became absolutely necessary to do so.

Military reinforcements arrived in armoured motor-cars armed with machine guns, and were received with shouts of "Down with Noske!"

Traffic was stopped in many of the principal streets, which were occupied by the troops, and various deputies were molested on their way to the sitting.

The Socialist Herr Heinemann was followed for some distance by a hostile crowd, who cried: "Down with the Labour traitor!"

"PATIENCE OF JOB."

"Vorwaerts" Tribute to Safety Police, Who Were Wounded Before They Fired.

BERLIN, Wednesday. The number of killed in front of the Reichstag buildings is stated to be twenty-two, including two members of the safety police.

Two officials of the same police force were wounded, as well as ten soldiers of the safety force.

Vorwaerts points out in its leading article that, according to all reports, the safety police showed the patience of Job and did not fire till after ten members of that force had been carried away severely wounded.

All the other newspapers of the Right also support the Government and welcome the proclamation of martial law.

The Social Democratic Party have issued an appeal to the party members not to allow themselves to be provoked by the Independent and Communist wire-pullers, who are directly responsible for the bloodshed and who want to continue to play their unscrupulous game with human lives.—Wireless Press.

SPANISH MUTINEERS ARRESTED.

MADRID, Tuesday. All the men who took part in the mutiny at the artillery barracks are reported to be in the hands of the military authorities.—Reuter.

AVALANCHE DISASTER.

ROME, Wednesday. An avalanche in the valley of the Stura near Piedmont yesterday destroyed five houses, with all their occupants.

Five dead bodies have been taken out of the ruins and fifteen injured persons. It is feared that others are still imprisoned.—Central News.

SIR E. GEDDES HANDS REPLY TO RAILMEN.

Delegates' Meeting Considering the Matter—Conciliatory Parley.

CABINET CONFERS.

The decision of the Government following the rejection by the National Union of Railwaymen of the wages offer was communicated to the delegates by the negotiating committee at Unity House last night, when followed the most critical stage in the railway negotiations.

The negotiating committee met Sir Eric Geddes at the Ministry of Transport in the afternoon to receive the Cabinet's answer.

A meeting of Ministers took place at 10, Downing-street, at noon, those present being Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Fisher.

It is learned that yesterday's conference between Sir Eric Geddes and the N.U.R. delegates was of the most friendly and frank character.

Sir Eric informed the railwaymen's leaders that the Government were prepared to make certain concessions, but that they were not willing to give way on the general principle.

The Minister also expressed the hope that the men would accept the new concessions. The Cabinet, he said, felt that very substantial concessions had been made, and the Government was anxious that the railwaymen should give the new scheme a fair trial.

Mr. Thomas thanked Sir Eric Geddes for having carefully considered the objections of the men to the proposed new settlement, and said the matter would fully be laid before the delegate meeting. The N.U.R. would later reply to the Government's new offer.

The Minister of Transport stated that the Cabinet was anxious to reach a settlement that would be acceptable to all parties, and Mr. Thomas replied that the N.U.R. would do all they could in that direction.

The tone of the meeting, it is said, was very conciliatory on both sides.

SCHOOLGIRL ENGINEER.

Inquest Story of Child Who Helped to Fix Electric Plant for Lighting House.

When the inquest was held at Tottenham yesterday upon Doris Little, fifteen, schoolgirl, who died in the Prince of Wales Hospital, it was stated that she and her brother, aged twenty, a chemist, had fitted up a plant in an outbuilding for electrically lighting their home.

Doris knew how to start the engine and change the accumulator. On Friday her mother found her lying beside the gas engine with her hair caught in the works. She told her mother that she had turned off the gas engine and went to turn off the switch to prevent the waste of current.

Verdict: Accidental Death.

ROMANCE OF A PRINCESS.

Divorces Montenegrin Crown Prince and Marries a Court.

From Our Own Correspondent.

EASTBOURNE, Wednesday. Princess Natalia Constantinovitch, who divorced her husband, Mirko Petrovitch, Crown Prince of Montenegro, in 1917, has just been married at Court Gastone di Rudzeke at the Roman Catholic Church here.

The princess has been staying incognito at a hotel for several months.

Of Austrian nationality, she married the Crown Prince of Montenegro before the war, but became estranged from her husband when, on the outbreak of war, he took up arms on behalf of Austria. Being a native of Trieste, the sympathies of the princess were toward Italy.

At her marriage the princess was attired in a black pony-skin coat, with large skunk collar, and her black hat, with crown of royal blue, was trimmed with opreys at the sides.

The two children by the princess' first marriage are being educated at Eastbourne.

"PADDY RING'S LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL TO THE LADIES."

Sinn Feiner's Amusing Appeal in Dublin Municipal Elections.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Wednesday.

The municipal elections here are providing the latest electoral battle in history. There is no trace of excitement even on the eve of the poll.

The attitude of John Citizen appears to be summed up in the words "A plague on both your houses." For he is already burdened with a record rate of 16s. 11½d. in the £, with the likelihood of a substantial increase.

A man with a head for figures told me to-day that it would cost something like seventeen and a half millions to carry out the works of public utility which the candidates are promising. Garden cities for workers, schools for school-children, a tunnel through Dublin, special services of boats and ferries, and an immediate drop in the price of everything.

These are amongst the hundred and one things which go to make up Dublin's Utopia if all goes well.

SINN FEINERS' APPEAL.

Some of the candidates are appealing to the voters in humorous vein.

The election address of Mr. Patrick Ring, a Sinn Feiner, who fought in the rebellion, is one of the gems of Dublin's rural literature.

On the top is the appropriate quotation: "Ring out the false, ring in the true." And then the candidate makes his appeal in this entirely novel way:—

"Leap Year proposal to the ladies of Clontarf and Glasnevin. Paddy Ring can't marry you all, but he can help you to get married by making food, clothes, houses and furniture cheap."

"He proposes to do that, so if you can't give him your heart, lend him a hand."

"When you look at your fingers you'll remember Ring."

It must be said that De Valera's followers are making a tremendous effort to capture seats, and are likely to achieve greater success than any other political party.

THE TERROR IN MEXICO.

Village of 3,000 People Destroyed by a New Earthquake.

An official report, says Reuter, states that San Joaquin, a village of 3,000 inhabitants in the State of Vera Cruz (Mexico), was destroyed by earthquake on Monday morning.

ARRESTED EDITOR.

King's Bench Refuse Bail for Mr. Charles Diamond.

An unsuccessful application to grant yesterday in the King's Bench Division Court for bail for Mr. Charles Diamond, the editor of the *Catholic Herald*, pending the clearing of a charge of publishing in his newspaper an article entitled, "Killing No Murder," which it was contended, was an incitement to murder.

Mr. Barrington Ward said the article of which complaint was made was really a discussion on the ethics of tyrannicide, and dealt with "Ireland and its misgovernment."

Mr. Justice Avory: "What do you say about this, which appears in the life of Lord French is no more than that of a simple Irish peasant?"

Mr. Barrington Ward: "It does not convey the solicitation to anybody to do wrong."

Without calling on Sir A. Bodkin for the Crown, the Court refused the application, the Lord Chief Justice remarking that the charge, if proved, would leave it open to the accused to receive very heavy punishment, as the article was of a serious nature.

PREMIERS CONFER.

The Big Three in Paris Have a Discussion Lasting for Two Hours.

Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau and Signor Nitti conferred from ten o'clock to midday yesterday, says an Exchange Paris message, which adds that a second meeting took place in the afternoon.

ATTACK ON K.C. SEQUEL.

Motor-lorries conveying large forces of police and military left Wales yesterday and in a circuit of five miles arrested eleven men in connection with the attack made last Friday night on Sergeant Sullivan, K.C., at Clonauloum.

POLICE SEARCH IN RAILWAY MYSTERY.

Did Miss Shore's Assailant Change Trains at Lewes?

BARONESS' STORY.

The police, so far, have been unable to trace the flight of the cowardly assailant of Miss Florence Nightingale Shore, a nurse, in the London-Hastings train on Monday evening.

They believe, however, that he left the train at Lewes.

The following description of the young man who entered the carriage at Victoria is circulated by the police:—Twenty-eight years of age, about 5ft. 7½in.; light brown suit; no luggage, no overcoat.

Miss Shore, who was found suffering from a deep scalp wound when the train arrived at Box-hill, was still unconscious yesterday, and was a little weaker. She is now lying at the East Sussex Hospital, Hastings.

The police theory is that when the train reached Lewes, after an hour's journey from London—the assailant either changed into the Eastbourne portion of the train or crossed the bridge and caught the Seaford train. A search is being made at Seaford, Tunbridge or Eastbourne for any wrong ticket or payment by a passenger for excess fare from Lewes.

One important feature in the case is that Miss Shore's ticket and money were missing when she was discovered.

Had her assailant no ticket for Hastings, and did he change to another carriage and go on there?

Not infrequently the last carriages on the 3.20 down train fail to reach the Lewes platform, and as no passenger at Lewes entered that section of the train the officials had no occasion for noticing Miss Shore.

Despite Miss Shore's terrible injury, there were no signs of a struggle in her carriage.

NIECE OF BARONESS.

Miss Shore is a niece of the Baroness Farro, who lives in Hadlow-road, Tonbridge.

The injured woman's parents are both dead, but she has one brother, Brigadier-General Shore, C.B., D.S.O., who now resides in California.

Baroness Farro does not hold out much hope of her niece's recovery. She states that a friend of Miss Shore—a Miss Rogers—was sitting in a stall at Covent Garden watching the play when she was informed of the terrible event. She set off at once, and by train and motor-car reached the hospital where her friend lay at two o'clock in the morning.

Miss Shore, who is fifty years of age, is, says the *Evening News*, a godchild of Florence Nightingale ("The Lady with the Lamp"). She nursed the wounded throughout the South African war and also in France, where she was under several bombing raids, but she carried on in devoted fashion.

The baroness had frequently warned her niece to be careful when travelling on the railway to select the right people as her travelling companions.

AFRIQUE DISASTER.

No News of British Passengers—Twelve Survivors Reach Nantes.

PARIS, Wednesday. The exact number of survivors out of the total of 337 passengers and the crew of 128 carried by the French liner *Afrique* is not yet ascertained. It is known that forty survivors were brought ashore, but it is feared that few others were saved.

Telegraphic and telephonic communication is still interrupted.

Reuter's Paris correspondent wires that there is no news of the British passengers, whose names and addresses are now given as follows:—

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, 212, Bank-road, Liverpool.

Mr. Ramsbottom, clerk, 49, Kemble-street, Prescott, Lancs.

Mr. Daniel Cook, Wolston (?) Park, Liverpool.

Mr. Samuel Collett, 258, Wadham-road, Bootle.

A Reuter's Nantes message says one of the *Afrique's* boats, with an officer and six men of the crew and three soldiers, has reached the Vendée coast. The survivors had to swim to get into the boat.

Three vessels have arrived with bodies on board.

It was hoped by the owners of the *Afrique* that the Belgian liner *Anversville*, which went to the rescue, might have some survivors on board, but she was just arrived at Plymouth, and reports that when she steamed through the wreckage there was no sign of life, nor were any bodies sighted.

CHILDREN AT MANSION HOUSE

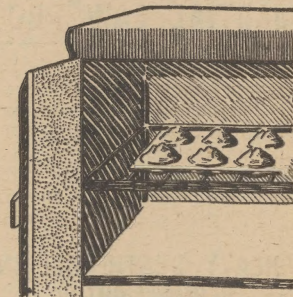
A lady's party and dance was given by the Lady Mayors at the Mansion House, London, yesterday in aid of the Blind Babies' Home, Sunshine House, Chorley Wood.

There was a very large attendance, including Princess Arthur of Connaught, and the majority of the juvenile guests wore fancy costume.

After tea, dancing took place.

SEE THESE LOVELY CAKES

I made them
with my
Peter Pan Bun Tins



*Will stand firmly
on shelf of gas-
stove without fear
of upsetting*



"PETER PAN" BUN TINS

have several Pans on one plate. They are made of the very best quality blocked tin. They never bend or buckle.

When the cakes or buns rise they do not catch at the edges as do separate tins, because the joining plate protects them.

They stand firmly on the grid in the oven and cannot tip up between the bars like single tins. They are easy to take hold of and pull out. No burnt fingers in finding separate pans.

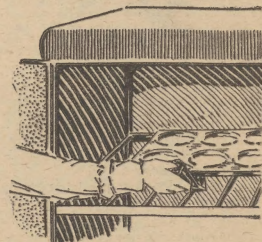
They make simply lovely Buns and Cakes. Manufactured in the following sizes :

6 holes	8d.	Extra deep	9½d.
9	11½d.	"	1/2
12	1/3½	"	1/8

Made in Four Patterns : Plain, Fluted, Shell, and Patty Pan.

Ask your Ironmonger, Oilman, Hard-wareman or Store for "Peter Pan" Tins.

Make sure, by looking for the trade mark, that they are the genuine "Peter Pan."



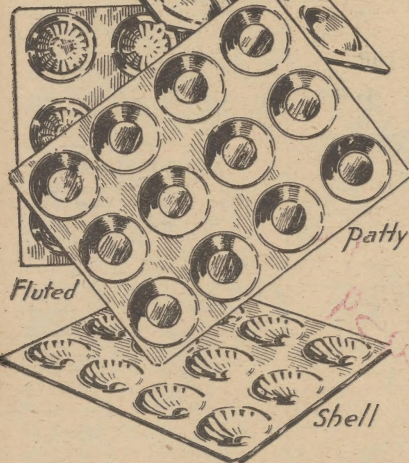
*Easy to get hold
of and take out
No burnt fingers
groping after
separate tins*



*Edge of risen
cake protected
by plate will not
catch as with
single
pan*



Plain



Fluted

Patty

Shell



"PETER PAN" BUN TINS



Designed Written & Placed By
H WILFRED SCRIVENS
ADVERTISING OFFICES
66 Ludgate Hill
London
E.C.

Manufactured by THE LONDON TIN PLATE AND METAL STAMPING CO., LONDON,
WHO SUPPLY THE WHOLESALE FACTORS ONLY.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1920.

LIBERAL "IDEALS."

WE venture to attribute to Lord Haldane a false diagnosis of pre-war Germany, in our review of his book to-day.

We may venture further to suggest that Lord Haldane makes a false analysis of the present political situation at home in his recent address to well-meaning Liberals of the independent sort.

Lord Haldane urges those Liberals to annex some of Labour's "ideals." "Labour—idealism has captured the heights."

What is more important, politically, is that it is capturing the Valleys—the Spen Valleys. But is it doing it through "idealism"?

These poor lectured Liberals also have ideals. But what are they?—in politics? The increase in the power of Labour is due, not only or so much to ideals, as to organisation. Labour is powerful because Trade Unionism is well-organised.

As to ideals, we all have them, and we all have them not. But we don't get into Parliament by means of them. We get in by good organisation.

Lord Haldane should have said to the exiled Liberals: "My dears, my good fellows, organise. Organisation is irresistible. Get up a Trade Union!"

WOMEN AND ART.

MANY of our readers attack women because they do not dress artistically. And they do not dress artistically, it seems, because they are not artistic. A musical expert has just told an audience largely composed of women that women simply know nothing about music; or any other form of art.

This is rude. Is it also true? Women reply: "We have not done such great things in art as men—that is undeniable—simply because men wouldn't let us. We've had no education. We've been condemned to household tasks. We've had no spiritual liberty."

Rather an unsound argument? Nearly all great artists have had to struggle against incalculable oppressions: of which the chief has always been that collective imbecility known as the World, which doesn't encourage artists. The male artist has had few privileges.

It may be, then, that women are merely more practical than men. They are not dreamers. They make for action, not contemplation. They are better managers than creators.

We tentatively advance that view. But we are not sure. . . . Anyhow, the coming centuries will show. Women are now "free" and better educated. Let them begin. The world of art is theirs—if they like. We eagerly expect the woman Shakespeare, the girl Raphael, the matronly Michel Angelo. The stage is set. Will they be so good as to step upon it and begin? W. M.

THE UNKIND LOVE.

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there amidst a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do enquire thee round,
White hope, Helian, Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love me,
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tournaments and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these hours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

—THOMAS CAMPION (1601).

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 14.—It is a mistake to remove the tops from Brussels sprouts until late in the season, as they keep off frost and rain.

Pull off your gloves and give your firm and then see that the plants are quite firm in the ground. If a warm house or frame is available, Brussels sprouts may now be sown for an early autumn supply.

Shallots, sown in wet soils may soon be planted, so prepare the ground in good time. Also get ready a bed for onion sets. E. F. T.

"BEFORE THE WAR": LORD HALDANE'S BOOK

HIS DEFENCE OF THE PART HE PLAYED IN PAST YEARS.

LORD HALDANE'S book, "Before the War," is published in full to-day (Cassell and Co.). But much of it has already appeared in various newspapers. And none of it is very new. There are no "sensational revelations." What we thought we knew about Lord Haldane and Germany is practically what we still know, and know better: that is all.

In one respect he has been unjustly treated. In one other he is, we think, still indefensible. We take these two points, simply and briefly, one after the other.

Lord Haldane was, and still is, unjustly blamed by those who think that Britain was "unprepared."

As a matter of fact, the arrangements for mobilisation were excellent, were proved excellent, and were complete, within their necessary limits—that is, within the limits

formed, still continue to know little or nothing about Germany.

But, as "education" does nothing for us, to whom can our youth look for enlightenment? Only to those of our statesmen who do know Germany. And, "before the war," Lord Haldane was *reputed* to be the first of these.

But did he really know? That is the whole of the second of our two main points.

THE WRONG GERMANY?

Wasn't the Germany Lord Haldane thought he knew, the obsolete Germany of his beloved Schopenhauer and Goethe? Wasn't it the antiquated "spiritual home" in which he resided so comfortably that he never saw that its roof was bare to the winds—or, rather, to the shrapnel? We think it was. And everything Lord Haldane says makes us think it more firmly than ever.

For we have here his full account of his two historical visits to Germany for the purpose of diagnosing the swollen-headed patient. And the diagnosis was

WHEN CLOTHES COST AS MUCH AS PICTURES!



A tailor has just said: "There is no knowing what clothes may cost in a year's time!" Cheerful! We show the rich man of next year showing the ordinary man about.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

arranged by ourselves with France. We did what we had promised to do, and we did it at once.

It was not enough. But it did not rest with Lord Haldane to make it enough. It was not possible, politically, for him to raise an army of two million men. He would have been laughed at, by all but our unvarying jingoes, for suggesting it. His task was to use the means at his disposal for the purpose the Entente had in view. And this he did.

The "amusing myth" that accused him of illegitimately reducing the horse and field artillery is a myth.

Now as to the second, or moral-diplomatic, criticism.

Here we still think Lord Haldane made a mistake.

The text of his argument right through is that England and Germany never understood one another. The Germans miscalculated. They misjudged us. But we, on our side, knew nothing about them.

That is perfectly true. Englishmen are grotesquely ignorant about other nations. We knew nothing, and still know little—and will, unless our Public School education be re-

wrong. Everybody seemed so friendly! Everybody was so charming! There were "animated" conversations with the Emperor. There was the Emperor popping champagne to make the conversations more animated—and less suspicious? There was Bethmann-Hollweg—so cordial, so peaceful! (The subsequent hero of the "scrap of paper"!) Lord Haldane was (at Windsor) invited to be a member of the Emperor's cabinet "for one evening." He went to reviews and the Emperor rallied him about the French alliance.

So Lord Haldane returned, a little anxious, about German swollen-headedness; but not very.

He returned. Did he speak out? Did he warn the democracy that was so ignorant? Did he say—what finally Lord Grey had to say: "If Belgium is attacked, we are in it?" No, he said nothing. He hoped for the best.

Well, the worst came. And, because it came, we cannot recognise Lord Haldane's right to reproach the people his unrivalled knowledge enabled him to warn, for being ignorant of the facts he himself gathered—and misjudged. W. M.

THE WOMAN'S DEFENCE.

WHY SHE PREFERENCES THE LATEST FASHIONS TO 'ARTISTIC' DESIGNS.

A REPLY TO "PORTRAIT PAINTER."

I JUDGE that your correspondent "Portrait Painter" is one of the "arty" dress designers.

His argument sounds plausible. Men—especially husbands—are to "guide" their women in dress. And, of course, if the husband is an artist, he is to insist upon "arty" fashions for the wife.

Now, "Portrait Painter" doesn't seem to realise that most women look hideous in "arty" fashions. We know them! We know, too, what other women think of them! They are the bedraggled and drooping "modes." One goes about in clinging draperies like a Burne-Jones maiden!

But Burne-Jones' maidens danced in flowery meadows of nice clean paint. We can't. We've got to get in and out of omnibuses.

Besides, when we do dress in artistic ways, men don't like us either. They say: "She's a pretty woman, but why does she dress in old rags, don't you know?"

A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.
Buckingham-gate, S.W.

UNNOTICED MODESTY.

"HISTORICUS" tells us we're always worn and liked "indecent" fashions.

But who encourages women to dress thus? "Historicus" Men! You men! You like women to dress like that.

If a girl dresses "modestly" to-day nobody pays any attention to her. L. C. L.
Hertford-street, W.

HOW DARE THEY?

HOW dare men criticise women's dress? Let them look at their own. It is ugly and expensive.

Ours is always expensive. But it isn't *always* ugly. F. K.
Wilton-crescent, S.W.

"ENOUGH TO LIVE ON."

SOME of the salaries being offered as inducements by certain employers are indeed disgraceful.

But what is "enough to live on" in these days? Could we establish a "national minimum"?

As far as I can make out no such minimum would be universally accepted.

We all think we are worth a little more than we are getting! A EMPLOYER.
Cheapside, E.C.

THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.

EVERY Bolshevik caught should, before being led off to execution, be first taken to a cubist "artist" and his portrait painted.

These "portraits" should then be exhibited at the Royal Academy, after the War Picture Exhibition is over, as a warning and deterrent to others. A PAINTER.

"DUMB" PROPOSALS.

"TWO Modern Girls" need not worry about how to propose to men.

I imported two French grooms who are ignorant of a word of English.

Ten minutes after their arrival I met them promenading arm in arm with two of the village girls who do not understand a word of French. A MODERN MAN.

CHILDREN AND THE FEAR OF ANIMALS.

I HOPE Mrs. Bristow-Noble will excuse me, but I think she is mistaken in advising children to be taught to "rule" animals. Animals hate people who "rule" them, and take advantage of people who fear them, thinking it a good joke to frighten nervous people.

We are all the same family, animals and human beings, and the moment a child understands this the child will get on with any animals.

If I meet a stray cat in the street it does not rush away, expecting to have stones thrown at it by me, but comes up to me and tells me its troubles.

The expression "dumb animals" is all wrong. If you love animals and study their ways they can talk to you just as they talk to each other. WALTER WINANS.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Animal "Turns."—Those who object to animal "turns" as unnatural forget that for a horse to carry a man on his back or to pull at a carriage was never intended by Nature and is also unnatural.—NATURALIST.

Nervous Husbands.—Surely it's easy enough to tell whether a man is nervous before you marry him? Watch him. Then run away if he jumps when you slam the door.—D. M.

Should Tramps Be Arrested?—"W. M." is too kind to tramps. They are a disgrace to any country. Arrest them and put them to forced labour.—EX-GUARDIAN.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Imitation: it enters into the very fastnesses of character, and we, our souls, ourselves, are ever imitating. We see and hear—the forms, the sounds which haunt our memories, our imagination. We imitate not only if we play a part on the stage, but when we sit as spectators, while we imitate unconsciously the line and colour of the walls around us, the trees by the wayside, the animals we pet or make use of, the very dress we wear. Only let us beware how we attain to the very truth of what they imitate.—Walter Pater.

Youth & Beauty

BEAUTIFUL features are the gift of nature, but a beautiful complexion can be enjoyed by all who take care to preserve the soft bloom of youth by a regular application of Pond's—the Original Vanishing Cream—night and morning, when feeling tired out or before exposure to the open air.

Many famous women—Tetrazzini, Pavlova, Miss Neilson Terry, Miss Elsie Janis, Miss Billie Burke, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh and others—have found the secret of perpetual charm in a consistent use of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Miss Neilson Terry says:—

"I have tried Pond's Vanishing Cream and found it very excellent, and a most valuable item of my toilet."

Exquisitely perfumed with Jacqueminot Roses, Pond's is a real pleasure to use—just a light touch with the finger tips is all that's required, no massage, no stickiness, no grease, no shiny after effects. Moreover, Pond's is a pleasurable and sure preventative of Chapped Hands, Cracked Lips, and Redness and Roughness of the Skin.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in handsome Opal Jars with aluminium screw lids, 13 and 26; also collapsible tubes, 13.



FOR LADIES WHO USE FACE POWDER.

Having first applied Pond's Vanishing Cream, a more lasting and pleasing effect is produced by a good Face Powder. POND'S Face Powder is unique, and attractively boxed in three popular shades. 2/- per box.

POND'S COLD CREAM.

A number of Ladies use POND'S COLD CREAM in conjunction with the Vanishing Cream because it is the most efficacious massaging adjunct and skin cleanser. In Jars 13 and 26.

POND'S EXTRACT Co. (Dept. 30), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1



Pond's Vanishing Cream

Harvey Nichols OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE LAST THREE DAYS of SALE

Examples of the Final Reductions:

Fur Ties and Muffs.

All oddments in Fur Ties and Muffs 12/9 and 29/6
Finally Reduced to

Flowers.

Bandeaux of Flowers and Follage for trimming hat or making into tique. Usual prices 40/6, 30/6, 20/6
Finally Reduced to

10/-

Scarves.

About 400 Scarves, Artificial Silk, Cashmere and Vicuña, and oddments in wool. Usual prices 21/6, 18/6 and 15/6
Finally Reduced to

10/-

Ladies' Knickers.

In Wool Silk and Silk and Wool Mixture. FINALLY REDUCED TO HALF PRICE.

Corsets.

Oddments in Model Corsets. Usual prices from 21/9 to 4 Gns.
Finally Reduced to

30/-

Dress Fringes.

Silk Fringes in Black, 18in., 22in., 27in. and 36in. Usual prices 5/6 to 11/6.
Finally Reduced to, per yard

7/6

Usual price 10/6 ... Finally Reduced to 4/6

10in. Grey ... 2/6 ... 4/11

12in. Jade ... 2/6 ... 4/11

15in. Black ... 2/6 ... 4/11

Combinations.

60 pairs only, Ladies' White Merino Combinations. Good wearing quality. High neck and short sleeves. In Women's and Outside. Low neck, short sleeves. Outside only. Usual price 12/11 pair.
Finally Reduced to, pair

7/11

REMNANTS & ODDMENTS HALF PRICE OR LESS

TO-DAY, To-morrow and Saturday.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Tea Gowns.

About 30 Tea Gowns in broadest crepe de Chine, etc., in large variety of colourings. Usual prices 31 to 51 Gns.
Finally Reduced to

49/6

Children's Hats

In great variety for all ages, in velvet, satin velour and felt.
Finally Reduced to

10/-

Overalls.

Cambrie, Zephyr and easement cloth Overalls. Usual prices 11/6 to 15/6 in various colours.
Finally Reduced to

6/11

Beaded Insertions.

About 15 pieces Bead and Sequin Insertion from 1in. to 8in. in dark and light colours, made in France.
FINALLY REDUCED TO HALF PRICES.

Ladies' Hose.

Ladies' artificial Silk Hose, good wearing quality, in Black, White and various colours. Usual prices 5/6.
Finally Reduced to

3/11

Gowns.

80 only, Day Frocks in various styles and colourings, in Taffeta, Crepe de Chine, Crepe Georgette, Cotton Crepe, etc. Usual prices from 38/6 to 61 Gns.
Finally Reduced to

39/6

Evening Frocks.

40 Evening Frocks in satin Taffeta, Crepe de Chine, Chiffon Velvet, etc. In many styles and popular evening colours. Usual prices ranging from 5 to 61 Gns.
Finally Reduced to

49/6



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THE restless wee arms and legs will signal supreme contentment as he feels the emollient oils taking all the burn and soreness from his tender skin. Lusty crows of delight will mark his appreciation of the comforting lather, rich in cold cream, so soothing to chafed limbs—bath-time happiness that every baby has a right to expect.

And mother is assured that she can get nothing purer or finer for baby's skin than Gibbs Cold Cream Soap—an assurance backed by the House of Gibbs, soap-makers to Royalty and the British People for over two hundred years.

Gibbs Cold Cream Soap is food for the delicate tissues that underlie the skin, and a balm for all the surface discomforts of babyhood. It is a soap and proven skin emollient in one—the best skin treatment for baby—and you.

Bath-time Fun with Baby is assured with Gibbs Cold Cream Soap.

Price 7d. per Tablet. Box of 3 Tablets 19.

Awarded Certificate of Merit of the Institute of Hygiene.

Send 6d. in Stamps for Generous Sample Box of Gibbs Toilet Preparations D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 103), Cold Cream Soap Works, LONDON, E.1

Gibbs COLD CREAM Soap

For Every Toilet Requisite—Never Forget to Say Gibbs

ARE OUR SILVER COINS DOOMED?

THE COMING AGE OF NICKEL AND PAPER.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

The ever rising price of silver makes it more and more likely that small value notes will have to replace our present silver coins. The writer regrets the possibility of the passing away of our familiar money.

It makes you understand that our old world has passed away when you are asked, as I was the other day by a small boy, what a sovereign purse was for and how we used it.

The sovereign purse you realise is archaic, a thing to be counted almost a curio along with the snuff box, or the chateleine, that dangling apparatus of metal that went out of use two generations ago.

Soon, I suppose, collectors will "take up" the sovereign purse, books will be written about it, mid-Victorian specimens will fetch good prices at the auction-rooms.

For men learned in the science of money tell us that the sovereign will not return in our time; we shall die in an age of a paper currency.

It was a noble coin, the sovereign. Most of us have been guilty of hoarding at least one, or possibly two, so that we may jingle them together. It is a sad thought that we shall never again become familiar with its content, confident contentance.

For I doubt if it do not return, soon, whether the rising generation take as kindly to it as we who knew it should.

THE OLD "CARTWHEEL."

Already the champions of paper money are growing. The pleasant rustle of notes means to them what the musical jingle of gold against gold meant to us.

And now, as I read, we are drawing nearer to the smaller notes. We are told that the coming of the five-shilling note is not far distant. And then, I suppose, our old familiar silver coins will vanish.

We shall hoard up a few half-crowns, perhaps, for old time's sake, perhaps we shall manage to keep a five-shilling piece just as a curio, as something to show to the children, to make them marvel over the bigness of the money we used when we were young.

Already I am thinking more kindly of the old "cart-wheel." Once upon a time I used to hate it, a clumsy coin we called it then, and took the first opportunity to change it into less cumbersome form. But it was a good, honest coin for all that, a sturdy specimen of the Mint's work. It suggested John Bull, the traditional Briton, heavy, solid, but sound.

But most of all, I think we shall regret the passing of the half-crown. That is such a typically British coin, a gentleman among the pieces. I always consider it as first cousin to the guinea, which seems so much more than a shilling better than the pound.

"TWO-AND-SIXPENNY" NOTES?

You can give half a crown as a tip where two shillings and a sixpence would be almost an insult. Even the florin is a pleasant coin, but it is in another caste altogether. It is a mere commercial coin, a two-shilling piece; no one ever called a half-crown a two-and-sixpenny piece. It hides its mere monetary value under a dignified name.

So, when it passes, shall we have half-crown notes? And if so, will the aura of gentility which surrounds the silver form be inherited by the paper? Or shall we find paper a democratic medium, a leveler of moneys. Perhaps we shall speak of a two and sixpenny note even.

And with the coming of paper we are threatened with nickel coins, which will eventually oust our coppers. Then I think the apostles of the decimal system will win their long-fought fight, for nickel is of all metals a modern.

They will leave us probably our old names, but they will alter the values. Children will learn that ten pennies make a shilling and ten shillings a something new, which will be a piece of paper.

After all, most other countries have come to this; most other nations prefer nickel and paper to copper and gold, so we must come to it, I suppose.

But many of us, I know, will miss the old familiar coins that we keep so carelessly loose in our pockets.

Already we all carry note cases, then we shall take to purses. And when we see the average Briton using a purse we may count it that the new age has dawned in this country.

A WOMAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO DRESS

DOES A HUSBAND'S ADVICE HELP HER?

By ROSALIE NEISH.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "A Portrait Painter" made, in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, the somewhat sweeping assertion that "very few women have any taste in dress."

Is that really so?

If so, where do all the beautiful and tasteful clothes that we see in the shop windows go?

The portrait painter also says that "few middle-aged women dress in a befitting middle-aged fashion."

There I venture to disagree with him.

I know middle-aged women who are hopelessly dowdy, but I also know a great number who are always neatly and suitably dressed and only a comparative few who ape the fashions of their younger sisters.

I know heaps of women, young, middle-aged and elderly who dress with much taste and more than a few who have a perfect genius for wearing the right thing.

But supposing, just for the sake of argument, I were to agree that the bulk of women are totally at sea as to what they ought to wear, is it likely that their husbands would know any more about dress than they do?

Our portrait painter says these badly-dressed women want "guidance, and their husbands should help them."

Alas! unfortunately all husbands are not artists—or portrait painters! Many men, in fact most of the nicest men, know less than nothing about dress.

The average husband not only does not notice details (and good dressing is greatly dependent on attention to details), but he often compliments his wife on the nice "new" gown he has already seen her in a number of times.

Husbands—nice husbands—know what pleases them, and know even better what offends their sense of good taste, but they do not take sufficient interest in clothes to know what ought to be worn.

No, I should not advise any of the poor women who don't know how to dress, to consult their husbands.

I know one poor woman whose husband always insists on choosing her hats, and I never see her in them without feeling the deepest sympathy for her!

How, then, is the no-taste-in-dress lady to learn how to dress?

If her own sense of the fitness of things and her own colour-sense cannot teach her, I should advise her to consult a first-class shop if she can afford it.

If she cannot afford it, she should consult some wise and friendly young girl of her acquaintance.

It is a curious fact, but the modern young girl generally knows exactly what a fully-dressed or elderly woman should wear.

A friend of her own age will often "pass" a too-young hat because she herself hankers after the too-young hat. She tries to deceive herself. She wants to think it suits Mrs. B. because she dearly wishes to wear one something like it.

The pretty niece manages to convey to her still handsome, but on-the-wane aunt that the longed-for hat is, well—not exactly it, and something just a shade darker would look perfectly priceless against auntie's still lovely hair.

She cleverly conveys to auntie that although she is getting on she need not become a "old," but that there are certain styles and shapes she must avoid like the plague.

If, then, the tasteless ones want to know how to dress (unless they possess a pet portrait painter friend) they should consult those young members of their own sex who obviously do know. There are plenty of them.



BILLIE BURKE TAKES UP BOXING.—Miss Billie Burke, with her husband, Mr. Ziegfeld, shakes hands with Kid Broad, a noted fighter, from whom she intends to receive lessons in boxing.

CHOOSING SUITABLE JUVENILE HOBBIES.

STAMP COLLECTING AND NATURE STUDY.

By Mrs. STANLEY WRENCH.

TALKING to a schoolboy of thirteen the other day, I was astonished at the geographical knowledge he had possessed, not only of European countries, but of far-off places in Asia Minor, South America and the various islands of the South Seas.

"Is it through the war maps?" I asked, wondering if he had been intent on newspaper geography, but his mother shook her head.

"Stamp collecting," she said. "He is always poring over an atlas, and ever since he has filled one album and started another he is always reading up every scrap of information about the different countries, their peoples and ways of living."

It reminded me of the days of my own youth when a much-coveted stamp from the Argentine set me searching for information about a part of the world politely ignored by many geography tutors.

Except that he may know the names of the important towns, South America is an almost unknown world to the average schoolboy or girl, yet the great continent and the literature concerning it make wonderful treasure trove.

It was through that awakened early interest in the Argentine I later found myself fascinated by the vivid word pictures of Cunningham-Graham; from the Argentine it seems but a step to the "Purple Land," and W. H.

Hudson's exquisite prose, and thence to Mexico with its buried cities and marvellous past.

All this came swiftly back to me as I watched my schoolboy friend sort his stamps, and I realised how much I, for one, owe to such a simple hobby as stamp-collecting.

During the long, dark winter evenings, parents who wish their children to be educated and not merely instructed might do well to pay attention to stamp-collecting as a hobby for growing boys and girls.

It is a hobby which can be entered into with zest by the whole family, for quaint names from Turkestan, Arabia and the Far East will remain names no longer if atlas and postage stamp album are used together.

All young people will not take to postage stamps, and natural history may be a realm of hobbies to those who do not.

If they are encouraged to feed and watch the birds during winter they will come to know which are grain-eating and insect-eating birds, which are the farmers' friends and foes, and which are to be encouraged in a garden and why.

Not only this, but pictures of caterpillars, moths, larvae of various kinds can be looked at when dealing with insect-eating birds, and by this means a good deal of really useful natural history will be learned.

But it is amazing to find how children of a very tender age will assimilate knowledge taught through their hobbies, ask intelligent questions, and, what is most important of all, go on making discoveries and seeking to acquire new knowledge of their own accord.

PENSIONS for WOMEN

WHEN middle age comes it would be a great benefit to have an income for life which would safeguard you against want and provide material comforts.

WHY not write to the Woman's Section of the "British Dominions" and obtain a descriptive booklet showing how, by easy instalments, you can assure a pension for life?

THE Booklet also contains particulars of several attractive insurances which have been specially devised to help all women, whether married or single. Investigation will not commit you in any way.

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WOMEN'S SECTION

EAGLE STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

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ASSETS EXCEED £17,000,000.

Why Bald So Young? Rub Dandruff and Itching with Cuticura Ointment.



Shampoo with Cuticura Soap. Soap to cleanse. Ointment to heal.

New Health for all who are Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' Run-down.

'Wincarnis' possesses a fourfold power in creating the new health you need. Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all in one. Thus it gives new strength to the Weak, new bounce to the Anaemic, new nerve force to the 'Nervy,' and new vitality to the Run-down. That is why Over 10,000 Doctors recommend

WINCARNIS
All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis'. Small 3/- Large 5/6 Size Size

DRESS.

LACE—Large parcels, 3s. 6s.; case Ladies' Hanks free.—F. Wedding, Heathcote-street, Nottingham.
REAL Fur Tongs Wrist, hand, 4 tails, 8s. 6d. 1 Muff, head, 3 tails, 7s. 6d. 1 Cape, 8s. 6d. 1 Appearance equal to best Black Fox-Lined Bargain Co. (D.M.), 51, Kendal-lane, Leeds.
START Your Trouseaux—French Convent Handmade Lingerie in Sets or single garments; Trouseaux and Layettes; Camisoles, etc., from 8s. 3d.; send 5 stamps for Catalogue—Caroline, Ltd., 24, New Bond-street, London, W.1.

DANCING.

DANCING Guide.—40 latest and most popular dances, 1s. —Alexander, 30, Grove-lane, S.E.5.
IMPERIAL Hotel, Russell-square, and National Hotel, Upper Bedford-place, The Danzants, 28, 6d. and 3s.; evening dances 4s. and 5s.
P.O. DANCES, Piccadilly Hotel—Even, dress or uniform; altus, 3.15; 7s. 6d., Tea; orgs. 9.15; tickets, 12s. 6d.

IRON MOULDERS GRIND AN ORGAN.

MAKER OF TOYS UNWEL



A number of Keighley moulders and coremakers who have been on strike about four months hired a street organ and played popular airs. They then made a collection for their children, while their fellow-workmen were in the work-house, seen in background, applying for relief.



Lady Margaret Sackville, daughter of Lady de la Warr, who has established in her workshop a toy industry that bids fair to rival the best efforts of the Parisian toy maker and good carrier.



Harry Dalton (on right) outside the court.



Mrs. Meyrick.

AT DALTON'S CLUB.—A detective who went in disguise was a witness at Bow-street Police Court yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the summons against Harry Dalton and Mrs. Kate Evelyn Meyrick arising out of police visit to Dalton's Club.



NURSE CAVELL MEMORIAL.—The statue for the monument to Nurse Cavell, now being erected on the St. Martin's-in-the-Fields island, arrived yesterday. A workman is seen placing it into position on its pedestal.



Princess de Salm, aged nine, who was crushed and killed when a tree was blown down in the park of Prince de Salm of Belgium, shot her father, Alexander.

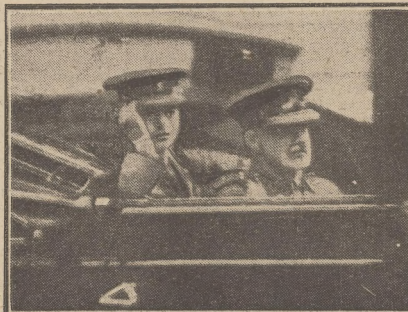


Alexander, the little son of the Prince of Groy, who was with the Princess at the time she was badly injured. His life is in danger.



Inspecting the guard of honour furnished by a Boys' Brigade Battalion.

PRINCE HENRY AT BIRMINGHAM.—Prince Henry held a military investiture at the Town Hall yesterday, and conferred a large number of decorations. All along the route from Edgbaston, where he stayed the night, he was heartily cheered.



Saluting on arrival at the Town Hall.



RYE'S SAILOR FREEMAN.—Admiral Sir Rye's Sailor Freeman, with him are the whose husband (Admiral Sir



Lord Loonsdale, who has been shown heavily hurt in a fall from a horse, and is sustained by a friend.



Earl Beatty, in r was

NEWS RE-MARRIAGE. 'INFANTRY' OCCUPY THE MANSION HOUSE



Alan Edmund Bagot, twenty-four, first son of Levens Hall, who has died of pneumonia.



Princess Natalia Constantinovitch, who divorced her husband, Mirko Petrovitch, Crown Prince of Montenegro, in 1917, has married again at Eastbourne. Her choice this time is Count Gastone di Dudzele. She is a friend of the Allies.



The Mansion House yesterday was invaded by "infantry" in aid of the Blind Babies' Home (Sunshine House), Chorley Wood. Princess Arthur of Connaught (on Lord Mayor's right) received a large bouquet from a very small child. An orchestra, all the performers of which were under eleven years of age, played favourite airs.



Miss C. Mills, of Brookfield, Buckinghamshire, who will be married to Captain T. McDougal, M.C., of Chichester, early in February.



Sir Albert Stanley, who was formerly President of the Board of Trade, has chosen the title of Baron Ashfield of Southwell in the county of Nottingham.



Freeman of Rye, said town.



Freeman of Rye, said town.



RATE COLLECTOR'S SUICIDE. — Richard Harris (rate collector), of Bromley, photographed on his wedding day. A verdict of death from a bullet wound self-inflicted was returned at the inquest yesterday.



IN AID OF BART'S. — Mr. George Robey with the bulldog Peggy, of Judd Lane, which he will sell by auction on January 21.



These two sweet little fairies were among the thousand children at the Mansion House yesterday.



SOCIETY IN SWITZERLAND. — Miss Barbara Lutyens, Lady Alexandra Curzon and Mr. Michael Tennant ski-ing in a snowstorm at Murren. The winter sports at all the favourite Swiss resorts are once more in full swing and society is making up for lost time.



Try this world-famed Beautifier—FREE

—this is YOUR chance to improve your skin and complexion and keep it nice.

Icilma Cream—guaranteed pre-war quality.

If you have never tried Icilma Cream (the creamy, foamy, fragrant and non-greasy toilet cream) you cannot realise how easily its daily use will clear and freshen your skin and complexion, make and keep your hands, arms and neck soft and smooth as velvet.

It is no longer possible to sell pre-war quality Icilma Cream at less than 1/3 per pot—costs have increased enormously, and but for the wonderful popularity of this, the best of all toilet creams, the price would be much higher. At 1/3 per pot Icilma Cream is undoubtedly the finest toilet cream value in any part of the world. You have only to test it to prove this. And you can test it to-day at OUR expense. See coupon below.

Cut out and post the Coupon NOW

or send us a postcard. It will bring you a dainty free sample of Icilma Cream and a copy of our booklet—"The Icilma Way to Beauty." Write now while you have the opportunity of testing this famous Cream absolutely free.

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(Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.)
Price 1/3 per pot, everywhere.
Flesh-tinted Cream, 1/9 per pot.

Use it daily and look your best

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Please send me a dainty free sample of Icilma and copy of your booklet, "The Icilma Way to Beauty."

Name _____

Address _____

Post in *unsealed* envelope for 3d. (3d. stamp if letter enclosed), or send postcard stamped 1d.

Money cannot buy better.

Lipton's

BRITISH MADE

Margarine

Genuine Fresh Roll 1/2 per lb.
Finest Salt - - 1/- "

SPECIAL OFFER in GROCERIES.

Dried Eggs	... 2d. each. 3 for 5d.
Condensed Milk (Full Cream)	per tin 1/1
Skimmed Milk 11d.
Rangoon Rice	... 3 lbs. for 10d.
Rangoon Beans	... 3 1/2 d. per lb.
Finest Rolled Oats	... 4d. "
Barley	... 4 1/2 d. "
Oatmeal (Scotch)	... 4 1/2 d. "
Split Peas	... 4 1/2 d. "
Lentils	... 5d. "
Marrowfat Peas	... 5 1/2 d. "
Tapioca (Flake)	... 5 1/2 d. "
Tapioca (Seed Pearl)	... 6d. "
Tapioca (Medium Pearl)	... 6d. "
Butter Beans	... 6d. "
Sago	... 6d. "

LIPTON'S PURE JAMS

IN LARGE VARIETY.

1 lb. 11 1/2 d. 2 lb. 1/9 1/2

LIPTON'S Tea Planters, Ceylon.

The largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers and Retailers of Food Products in the World.
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Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

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No Sugar or Milk required!



CADBURY'S COCOA & MILK POWDER

Made in a moment with
boiling water

A valuable food for invalids and children. Prepared in our country factories from rich, new milk straight from the farm
Cadbury Bourneville

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Miss Dorine Lindon, after working as a V.A.D. during the war, is publishing a poetry book.



Lady Grimston is giving a dance to-night in aid of the Shore-ditch Infant Welfare Centre.

PREMIER "TOO BUSY."

A Woman Candidate for Paisley?—Austrian Artists Return to the Antipodes.

IT HAS BEEN too hastily assumed in some quarters that Mr. Lloyd George is behind the recent declarations in favour of a new party. As a matter of fact, the Prime Minister is far too absorbed in his present heavy tasks to busy himself with the formation of new groups. Recent speeches and articles only express the proper views of the speaker and writers thereof. It is not by any means to be assumed that they are prompted by Mr. Lloyd George.

Clearing Up.

In fact, I am told on the best authority that Mr. Lloyd George will not be able to give any attention to home affairs for a space. The remaking of the map of Turkey is taking him all his time. And there are other Continental questions to be settled.

Turkey in the Way.

Mr. Bonar Law was to have been back in London before this. The delay in his return is due to the difficulty of agreeing on the disposal of Constantinople. There are two differing diplomatic "schools" on this problem.

Optimism and Pessimism.

I am told that while there is confidence in Margate and Ramsgate that Thane's claims for compensation under the Treaty terms in respect of actual damage to property and personal injury sustained during the war will materialise, the claimants are not so optimistic regarding recompense for indirect loss. Yet the latter was the more serious by reason of the slump in visitors during the air raid and bombardment period.

An "Improper" Party.

Little Joyce Montagu, Lady Swaythling's young daughter, was eleven the other day, when she told me she was enjoying the "improper" party of United States Rhodes Scholars, who came to revel in Lady Swaythling's hospitality. The "proper" party was yesterday. Joyce had a cable of good wishes from her second brother Erwin, sent all the way from Harvard, where he is studying.

Cotton.

There is an interesting situation arising in Paisley. Mrs. W. H. Coats is mentioned as a possible candidate for the parliamentary vacancy. The wife of one of the cotton magnates, Mrs. Coats has long been active in philanthropic works in Paisley. During the war she was indefatigable in her work for wounded soldiers.



Mrs. W. H. Coats.

The Ex-Premier.

In the meantime, it grows hooped and Mr. Asquith will be asked to contest the seat. Thus, though a pure-bred Yorkshireman, he will have another Scottish constituency. It seems the fate of English Liberal leaders to seek Scottish seats. If Mr. Asquith eventually stands, there will be no Coalition opposition.

Election In-Tilley-gence.

Meanwhile, I hear that Lady de Frece is winning all hearts down at Ashton-under-Lyne. As an artist she was always as big a favourite with her own sex as with the sex she impersonated so imitatively. The mill girls of the constituency have quite taken her to their capacious bosoms.

A Spring Day.

One would have thought yesterday that spring had come. The air was of a savour that one looks for early in May, and a brilliant sun shone. As I went through Regent's Park the birds were twittering and chirping in the leafless branches.

H.R.H. "Smith."

Prince Henry is keen on football ("Soccer") and first learned the game at school near Broadstairs. I remember seeing him play and being amused by the fact that he was addressed by his comrades as "Smith." Get on with it, Smith! they would shout, and the King's third son would duly "get on with it."

Nothing New.

The "Smith" idea, however, was surely copied from Cambridge, where, until he became affectionately known as "Ranji," the Jam of Nawanager, as he now is, was made a member of the great Smith family.

Tea for the Children.

Mrs. Lloyd George, with her daughter Megan, Lady Astor, Miss Isobel Bonar Law and Lady Islington will help at a tea and entertainment to 600 children of fallen and disabled Service men which will be held at the Northern Polytechnic to-morrow.

More Shakespeare.

The young man from Stratford-on-Avon seems to be attracting a good deal of managerial attention just now. Mr. Bernard Pagan is about to produce "King Lear," and we shall be curious to see what kind of a distraught old monarch Mr. Maurice Moscovitch will give us. Lear is not a favourite character with British actors. The last time he was enacted in London was by Mr. Norman McKinnell.



Mr. Moscovitch.

Another "Way."

For all the beauty and artistry of his "Hamlet" production, Mr. Martin Harvey has decided to take it off and replace it at Covent Garden with that good old money-maker, "The Only Way." The Dickens-Wills piece will be revived on February 22.

A Stage Wedding.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday, I saw the wedding of Miss Amy Preston, who was in "The Boy" at the Adelphi recently. Miss Amy Jobling (as her real name is) made a beautiful bride in smooth white cloth. She turned nervously to her sister, who was her sole attendant, before she walked up the nave on the arm of her step-brother, Mr. Charles Jobling.

A General as Best Man.

General R. Manley-Simms, of the Canadian Headquarters, was best man to the bridegroom, Colonel A. L. Hamilton, C.M.G., who did good service in the war. The grey old elchur was brightened up by the presence of some pretty members of the Adelphi and Gaiety companies.

Exodus of Australians.

There is quite an exodus of Australian artists who, after many years in London, are returning to their native land. Mr. Arthur Strepton set the fashion. Mr. H. Fullwood follows him in a week or two, and in June Chelsea will have to mourn the loss of Mr. G. Lambert, one of the wittiest of artists.

Courbet's Brontosaurus.

Courbet, the father of realistic painting, can generally be relied upon for accurate representation. But at the Leicester Galleries there is an interior of a stable by that master in which a prominent place is occupied by a beast more like the brontosaurus than like any horse ever beheld by human eyes. The wondrous creature has something of the horse, of the cow, and of the giraffe!

Ellen Terry as a Mascot.

Miss Elizabeth Pollock is taking stage life as seriously as did her sister, who is now Mrs. Cyril Asquith. A photograph of Ellen Terry is her mascot. It is prominent in her Critteron dressing-room, which is the plainest and most unfriendly in London.

An Irish Stronghold.

A girl correspondent writes: "Shamrock Castle will be the scene of a notable Irish wedding to-day, when the Hon. Rose O'Neill, daughter of Lord O'Neill, marries Captain J. McClintock, R.N., C.B., D.S.O., son of the late Admiral Sir Francis McClintock. White velvet with panels of silver tissue will compose the bride's gown, and five children will attend her.

Shamrock Wreaths.

"Lady Masserene's charming little daughter, the Hon. Diana Skeffington, leads the trio of girls, and shamrock and roses will combine in the wreaths which they will wear with pink georgette frocks. The two pages will be dressed in sailor suits."

Betrothed.

Lord Leconfield's younger brother, the Hon. Eversard Humphrey Wyndham, is engaged to Miss Ruth Astley, of Brinsford Court, Herefordshire. The bridegroom-to-be, who is thirty-one, is in the "First Life," and went all through the war, winning a "mention" and an M.C.

New Play at the Queen's.

Mr. Owen Nares is to essay a new part in February. It will be in a new comedy by Mr. Walter Hackett, called "Now—and Then." Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Meggie Albanesi will be among the "support."

"The Young Visitors."

Miss Edyth Goodall tells me that she has found a home for "The Young Visitors" in its dramatised shape. It is, indeed, the Court Theatre, now in the occupation of Mr. Bernard Fagan, who will vacate it the first week in February.

A Mishap.

I am glad to hear better news of Lord Lonsdale, and to gather that the injured ribs were not broken after all, but only bruised. It is not the first time that the hard-riding earl has taken a toss.

Twice-Told Tales.

I suppose, from an experience of mine yesterday, that there is a secret society of shopkeepers which binds them to make customers repeat all their requests. For instance, you go into a hat shop and you say very clearly and distinctly, "I want a hard black felt hat, size 6½." "Hat, sir?" says the shopman at once. "What size?"

Repetition.

Repressing your emotion, you repeat the size, and the obliging young man goes on: "Something in a velvet, sir? Here is a nice



An impression of the Violet Hope, the popular film star.



New picture of the Violet Hope, the popular film star.

Prosperous Fisherman.

A correspondent who lives in a small fishing village tells me that most of the local fishermen are now so wealthy that they smoke cigars. They gave up the practice of smoking common clay pipes years ago.

Yesterday's "Agony."

A leading morning paper yesterday contained the following poignant announcement: "Belle—You have floored me flat.—Raymond."

Another.

Lack of nerve is not the failing of the author who inserts this one: "War book by well-known author ready for publication. Subject so far untouched. Rejected by seven publishers as too late to interest, though all commend it. Would any publisher care to read MSS.?"

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THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Meg Ross.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, marries **JEFFREY STAFFORD**, a strong, determined man, to whom **LAURIE ROSS**, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations. **ALLISON LEE**, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford. **Leslie Stafford**, calling on Meg, is surprised to learn that Jeffrey has previously been there to tea.

LESLIE SHOWS HIS HAND.

"BEEN here to tea!" I know that I coloured a little before the mingled amazement and anger in Leslie Stafford's voice, and my heart gave a queer contraction of fear.

He spoke almost as if he had a right to be angry with me—as if he were my master, whom I had displeased.

"I couldn't help it. What else could I do? Laurie was here, too, and, oh! it was an awful afternoon."

It had been, at least during that part of the time while my brother was present, that afterwards I must admit that things had seemed easier.

There was a tense little silence, then Leslie said constrainedly:

"I couldn't help it. What else could I do? Laurie was here, too, and, oh! it was an awful afternoon."

He did not answer. He took up a magazine from the table and began agitatedly turning the leaves, and, to my surprise, I saw how his hands shook.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked in faint alarm.

He let the paper fall and, turning swiftly, caught me in his arms.

"Meg! You're not going to throw me over, are you?" he asked hoarsely.

"You seem—somehow you seem quite different since I last saw you. If you had not told me that Jeffrey had been here, I should have known instinctively. There's a sort of—feeling in the air. . . . His eyes searched my face jealously. 'You told me you hated him,' he said, and the words sounded like an accusation."

My eyes fell.

"I know I did, and so I did hate him, but today . . . well, he was very kind—he said you said that he could be one of the best when he chose—and this afternoon, for the first time, I think, I realised that you might be right. Anyway—I laughed nervously—we've agreed to cry. 'Fax' and be friends."

His grip of my arms tightened so that I gave a little cry.

"You mean that you're going back to him—that you're going to live with him?" he demanded roughly. "After all you've said—after everything that's happened!"

I was afraid of his expression, and, coward that I was, I sought refuge in evasion.

"Of course, I don't mean anything of the sort," I said quickly. "He never even suggested it. We're only going to be friends—that's all! And, after all, as we are married and it can't be undone, I suppose it's just as well to make the best of a bad job."

A bad job, indeed! He flung away from me savagely. "It's his money, that's what it is," he accused me. "If I were as rich as he is you would let him go to the wall. I know. You don't care for him—you told me yourself that you hated him—and you do care for me, and I may pretend not to, but I know you do! Meg . . ."

He swung round towards me again, but this time I stepped quickly backwards to avoid him.

"I think you're very insolent," I said in a trembling voice. "I have never given you the right to say such things to me. I think you had better go."

I rushed to the roots of his hair, and his eyes grew abashed.

"I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon a thousand times," he stammered. "But I hate it—I never thought he would come back—at least like this. I never thought he would come between us. I believed, I hoped—that even though I haven't a shilling to my name, you would have cared enough to . . ."

"I never cared for you—not as you mean," I interrupted agitatedly. "You know I never did. We've only been friends—just friends! I know you've been very kind, of course, but . . ."

"Kind! When I love you I've never felt like a friend to you. Meg, and he brought it all. I'm not going to stand by now and let you throw me over and go back to him—as if there had never been anything between us. Why—why—"

He stammered, and I saw that he was agitated, "everyone knows that I've been here to tea every day for weeks—everyone has been talking about us, and calling Jeffrey a fool. Ask your brother, if you don't believe me! Oh, Meg, don't look at me like that! I love you. You don't love me, and I'm not going to stand by now and let you throw me over and go back to him—as if there had never been anything between us. Why—why—"

I drew a long breath. I felt as if a curtain had fallen from before my eyes, and allowed me to see this man clearly for the first time, and the blood in my veins seemed to turn cold as I realised what I had done in my foolish defence.

In my ignorance I had walked into the trap which he had spread for my feet. Our friendship, as I knew it to be, and as he knew it, was as the wind-bellows of the wind, and for a moment I felt giddy and sick, as I realised what it would mean if Jeffrey ever heard the gossip which I knew had been usually connected with my name during the past few months.

So Laurie had been right after all when he begged me to give up Leslie Stafford's friendship. He had been right, even if he had not

been totally disinterested. My mind seemed to grope wildly round for some way of escape, some means whereby to put off the hour of reckoning with this man, which I knew instinctively had got to come.

Although I hated doing it, I went over to him and laid my hand on his.

"I don't think you are quite kind to speak to me like this," I said with an effort. "It's a . . . a funny way of loving me—to say all these hard things. I didn't know Jeffrey was home. It was a shock to me to see him again, and you said you knew you said—that he must never know that we were friends—you and I, didn't you?"

"I know—but . . . if it means that I've got to lose you."

There was such real agitation in his voice that for a moment I wavered. Did he really love me, or was it all just a clever piece of acting?

Laurie had declared that it was only my money this man wanted. Was it the truth?

Wild stories of blackmail of which I had heard came crowding to my mind with terrifying vividness. What should I do if some day he showed his hand and demanded to be paid to go out of my life without a scandal?

Jeffrey would never believe that there had been nothing but innocent friendship between us . . . innocent! I thought of the kiss I had given him of my own free will, and the blood scorched my cheeks.

My cheeks were blithered. I thought I would have given years of my life for the power to wipe out the past few weeks.

I struggled on desperately.

He's not staying in England long—it's only for a little while; but while he is here . . . I stopped, aghast at my own deception, and with the amazing knowledge in my heart that deceiving Jeffrey seemed now a much more terrible thing than never seeing this man again, and against my will a cry rose to my lips.

"Oh, why won't you understand?" I only vaguely realised what it was that I wished him to understand, but he misinterpreted my meaning, and he took me into his arms again—as which there was no resisting—and pressed hot kisses on my cheeks and lips.

Until to-day I had always liked him and been genuinely glad to see him, but now my whole life slipped from my grasp, and I felt myself almost fainting in his arms.

When at last he let me go I dropped weakly into a chair and hid my face.

"Oh, go, please, go," I said miserably.

"Please, please, go," I said again in a whisper.

He took my hand and kissed it passionately.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I will write . . . but, please . . . don't come till I write."

There was a little silence.

"Don't keep me waiting too long," he said in a queer sort of voice, and then again "Don't drive me too far, Meg."

I uncovered my face and looked at him. He was very pale, but there was a veiled sort of triumph in his eyes that struck a nameless fear to my heart.

I could not have said one word—had my life depended on it, but I knew that either consciously or unconsciously he had shown his hand at last.

Love! How dared such a man as he desecrate the word? I felt like the princess in the fairy story who, walking through the forbidden wood, picked a sprig of blossom from a tree and saw it turn into a live scorpion in her hand.

A DINNER WITH JEFFREY.

BUT in the morning things did not seem so bad. I tried to believe that in the shock and excitement of Jeffrey's return I had seen things with distorted vision and exaggerated them.

Leslie had always been a kind friend to me. Why should I believe the worst of him? I was inclined bitterly to reproach myself. No doubt he was feeling horribly mortified at my treatment of him! I almost felt that I should like to apologise until I remembered that little veiled triumph in his eyes as he left me and I shivered.

My instinct was stronger than any argument, and instinct told me that he was a man to be feared.

I tried to think of some way of escape. Supposing I told Jeffrey? The hope flashed into my mind only to be instantly dismissed. Yesterday he had been kind, but how did I know that today he might not be his hard, implacable self once more?

There was Laurie. But how could Laurie help me? And, then, just as I was thinking of him, the old ring and the old velvet came back.

"I came early, as I thought you might be alone," he said. He looked pale and worried.

"Meg, I hate to ask you, but that money—I must have it."

"I had it here, all ready for you, yesterday," I said. I went over to my desk and took out a bundle of notes. "I thought you would rather have these than a cheque."

He gave an odd sort of relief.

"Thanks, old girl, and, Meg, what about Jeffrey?"

I felt my colour rising.

"He went away soon after you did yesterday."

His eyes searched my face.

"And what's going to happen? You seemed friendly enough, I thought."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, we've agreed to a sort of armed truce," I said as lightly as I could. "He thinks—and so do I—that as we are married we may as well make the best of it—outwardly at least; and I'm going to lunch with him to-day."

He put an arm round me, and kissed my cheek.

"I'm so glad," he said.

"Are you? Why?"

"Well, for your sake. If he hadn't come back things would have gone from bad to worse, and you know it."

A little child seemed to touch my heart.

"What do you mean?" I asked faintly, but I knew before he answered.

mean—Leslie Stafford. You wouldn't listen to me, or believe me when I tried to tell you, but he's a swine—if you knew half that I know . . ."

He broke off.

I felt the colour fading from my cheeks.

"Why, what do you know? Yes, please tell me," I urged as he shook his head at Laurie.

"You must tell me, because . . . because—I think I am beginning to believe that—after all—you are right."

There was a little silence, and I added miserably:

"He came here last night—Leslie Stafford did. And—and there was a scene." My brother frowned.

"I'd like to thrash him! I'm not much of a chap myself, I know, but I'd sooner cut my tongue out than say the things of any woman that he's been saying of you."

I clung to his arm.

"Why . . . why—what do you mean?" I implored.

But he would tell me no more, and his very refusal made things worse.

"It's money he wants, that's all," my brother declared. "He knows that you've got Willard's money, besides what Jeffrey allows you—and if you give him the chance he'll state his terms."

I gave stifled cry, and Laurie went on: "Look here Meg, why not tell Jeffrey the whole thing, and let him deal with it? You've been a little fool, but I know well enough that you've done nothing to be ashamed of."

I raised wet eyes to his face.

"Do you think Jeffrey will believe that?" I asked in a trembling voice. Laurie hesitated; then he said slowly:

"He's a man who prides himself on his sense of justice."

"Yes, I know. . . ."

"Well, make up your mind and tell him," my brother urged. He kissed me again, counted the banknotes I had given him, and took his departure.

The tears were tumbling down my cheeks as I shut the door after him and went back to my room. He had meant to be kind, and I knew that his advice was good, and yet—the money I had given him seemed to be of far more account with him than me or my happiness.

"Could I tell Jeffrey? I thought I would decide when I saw him, but the mere thought of his steady eyes that seemed to look right through into my heart frightened me inexplicably, and I think that I dreaded Leslie Stafford, and the worst he could do, less than the idea of making a clean breast to my husband."

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Dec. 14th, 1919.

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Influenza, Bronchitis, and Pneumonia would be practically unknown if simple coughs and colds were taken in hand on their first appearance. The mischief is not so much in the cough or cold itself as in what it may lead to. No other simple ailment is capable of such rapid development, and no other can become so deep-seated as swiftly. The quickest and most certain way of dealing with a cough or cold is to take Bitrate of Tar immediately the first symptoms are felt. Never ignore coughs or colds, for they are dangerous to yourself as well as to others. Bitrate of Tar gives instant relief in even the worst cases, and quickly loosens the phlegm which often causes your cough, and always makes your cold worse by the harbouring of deadly germs. Bitrate of Tar clears the head in a wonderful manner, and makes your voice clear as a bell: it can be obtained from all chemists at 3s. a bottle, and included with every package is a guarantee that your money will be returned in full if Bitrate of Tar does not quickly drive your cold away and in every way give you the benefit you desire.—(Adv.)

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Silver brocade is the material of this pretty bodice. Beads of swansdown and silver tassels are its effective trimming.

CANDLES will last twice as long if they are coated with white varnish, dried and hardened before they are used.

FEW SHOES that refuse to polish should be well rubbed with a piece of lemon and left to dry. Then polish in the ordinary way and the desired gloss will result.

SHADEY CLOUSES can be given a new lease of life by mixing a little coloured dye in the rinsing water. A few drops of red ink will make a delightful shade of shell pink.

THE BUTTER PAPERS in which you receive your weekly ration should not be thrown away. Put them in a clean box or a special drawer and they will be ready when you are cooking.

THE ELECTRIC TORCH which you used so frequently during the days of darkened streets need not be discarded as useless. Keep it in the medicine chest and its bright light will prevent your taking hold of the wrong bottle or pill box. **MARJORIE.**



Black charmeuse and fine lace make charmingly daintily draped evening gown.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 14.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—I have some good news to tell you—to-morrow. Do you like going to pantomimes? Well, I've arranged at a number of theatres all over the country for a large number of free seats for my nephews and nieces. Now, isn't that splendid? You will read all about it in to-morrow's Daily Mirror.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.



No. 11.—A Creepy "Cannibal" Dance.

All the native carriers were overjoyed when they heard that their young masters had killed a lion. Early the next morning they dragged the body to the camp and, at Ralph's orders, started to skin it. It was a wonderful specimen, measuring just over ten feet from its nose to the tip of its tail.

Nobo took great pride in the capture. "I was

there," he told the natives, "Me very brave!" Ralph chuckled to himself. "I don't think he really enjoyed the adventure very much," he said to Jack. "Old Nobo won't volunteer for such a risky job again."

Now, some of the black servants and carriers were actually the sons of cannibals, and they knew the strange rites and weird dances of that terrible race of men.

Three or four of them came up to Ralph and, through Nobo, who acted as interpreter, they asked a great favour.

Their words, translated, were something like this: "Would the brave white chiefs from over



The niggers pranced round, waving spears in the air.

the seas like to see a dance such as their fathers had? It would be in honour of the great lion."

The boys said they would be delighted, and that night, round a big fire, the niggers started their dance. As they pranced round, waving spears in the air and uttering shrill cries, Jack confessed he felt "a little creepy."

The blacks got more and more excited. "I hope they won't go back to their old cannibal ideas and—take a fancy to us!" said Jack.

(To-morrow: A Thrilling Interruption.)

PAINFUL INCIDENT AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.



Pip acted as page and Squeak as a bridesmaid at a friend's wedding yesterday. All went well until a boy threw a boot for luck and—hit Pip!



For Sore, Tired, Tender Feet, Chills, Corns and all Bad Foot Troubles. Use Hot Saltrated Water

Grandmother's old-fashioned home treatment? Yes, but it is the one quick, sure, safe and painless way to permanently cure bad foot ailments. Try it!

Good advice to dancers by
MILE GABY D-SLYS

"Dancing is always very, very bad for the feet. So, to dance well, one must first learn to keep all foot troubles away, just as one must learn to breathe right before learning to sing. Such matters as corns and aches would make dancing painful to perform and not pleasant to see. This is why good dancers cannot afford to have bad feet, and so they do not have them. But why is it that so few others know how to take the right care of the feet, when it is so easy to keep them well and beautiful? Ordinary salted water quickly softens even the very deepest corns so they come right out, root and all, leaving only a tiny hole that soon closes," says a beautiful French dancer.

The following extract from a recent interesting article explains how anyone can not only obtain perfect foot comfort immediately, but also keep the feet sound and healthy, exactly as professional dancers do.

"I am telling you a secret of the theatrical profession. You merely ask for about half a pound of Reudell Bath Saltrates, easily obtained at slight cost from any chemist. A small handful dissolved in a foot bath medicates the water like at the famous Continental spas, and it is at once filled with oxygen which you can feel acting on the skin. I find it, oh! so fragrant, refreshing and invigorating is the word, is it not? When the feet are tired, aching or calloused and swollen from walking or dancing, a salted foot bath quickly relieves these and even more painful foot troubles. The skin becomes tress, so clear and beautiful. C'est extraordinaire. *Gay Days*



—no wonder
Grandma smiles!

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TENBY GOLF FIVE CUP-TES. FREE THE TOO FAT.

Fine Victory for Blackpool at Derby—'Hat Tricks' by Buchan and Elliott.
CAN ENGLAND WIN AT SWANSEA?

Heavy scoring characterised yesterday's matches in the first round of the English Cup, the number of goals recorded being twenty, and that in spite of the fact that Darlington and Sheffield Wednesday failed to find the net. The features of the day were hat tricks by Buchan (Sunderland) and Elliott (Middlebrough), and the ordering off of Bell (Hull City). The results were:—

Blackpool	4	Derby County	(h)	1
Liverpool	(h)	1	Sheff. Wed.	0
Middlebrough	(h)	1	Lincoln City	0
Sunderland	(h)	1	Hull City	0
Darlington	(h)	1	Sheff. Wed.	0

'All's Well That Ends Well.'—Blackpool were considered unfortunate in not beating Derby County in the first game, but yesterday they were well in luck and they will now participate in a huge race at Preston. A level first half, in which two goals were scored, was followed by Derby's strong attack until twenty minutes from the end, when Lans put his side in front, and the same player and Charles added further goals. The Sheffield forwards were anticipated, the South Shields forwards were not good enough to beat Liverpool, who scored twice through Lewis and Stoddon in the first half and qualified to meet Luton or Coventry.

Buchan's Hat Trick.—Hull City for the third time in a month took part in a high-scoring game. They put on ten against the Wolves, had seven notched against them by their own goal, and yesterday Sunderland ran up six. Charles Buchan, who was always doing something brilliant, claimed three and two goals, two by the left foot, and the other by the centre half. Stevens scored both goals for the City, who, in addition to being outplayed, had Bell, their right back, ordered off the field in the second half.

Lincoln's Consolation.—If Lincoln City derive any consolation from this season's Cup competition it will come from the fact that the Middlesbrough club gave them, and not from the result. After putting up a stubborn resistance in the first half, the excellent team finally associated with the City's efforts died down, and goals from Elliott (3) and W. Carr gave Middlesbrough a ticket for the second round. Billy Lippin, a fine forward, was in the goal, and in addition to saving many fine shots stopped a penalty kick taken by Elliott in the second half.

A Fitting Result.—Darlington did all the pressing against Sheffield Wednesday after the interval, and had had luck in not scoring. But during this period W. H. Harvey, the Wednesday's outside right, was off the field, and the result was a fitting result. The Sheffielders have to thank Birch, their goalkeeper, who they live, to fight again on Monday for their own ground, for he was in brilliant form all through.

TO-DAY'S PROSPECTS.

Four Ties To-day.—Four more ties are to be played this afternoon—three in the Midlands and one in London. The excellent team finally associated with the English Cup matches will be more pronounced than ever—if that were possible—for the winners in each case have been favoured with choice of ground in the second round. To-day's matches are: Coventry City v. Luton Town, Leicestershire City v. Newport County, W. v. W. v. Blackburn R., West Ham U. v. Southampton.

West Ham's Training.—West Ham have been doing stunts for their match with Southampton in the shape of hot sea-water baths and long walks at Southend, and have been given a drive to the Essex resort last week to loosen the muscles by the aid of the salt water. There is no doubt to be a big crowd at the interval, and a "hat box" enclosure this afternoon, for Southampton's name is good where the Cup is concerned. I thought the Saints would have been in the first round, but fate decided otherwise. Even at Boleyn Castle their prospects are not hopeless, although this time I favour the home side. The place is P. W. Allen in the home side's forward line.

Not a Foregone Conclusion.—After their remarkable recovery in the second round last Saturday, who would say that Luton are bound to lose at Coventry? It is by no means a foregone conclusion, although, much as I should like the Southern League to get through, Coventry's recent improvement suggests otherwise. This Midlands club has spent round about £5,000 in big efforts to improve, and they have made record, the best capture probably being Miller, the outside right, who came from Everton.

The Mighty Meet.—Blackburn Rovers, always splendid Cup fighters—they have won the trophy five times, this time, they are to meet the Wolves against another club in Wolverhampton Wanderers which generally rises to the occasion. Their memorable victory over Newcastle in the final at White Hart Lane in 1906 will always be remembered. Which ever wins this tie will assuredly reach the third round at the interval, and it is interesting to note that Newport County reached the competition proper at the expense of two other Welsh clubs. They were then entitled to a rest, and the St. Helen's ground was not enamoured with their prospects. J. W. H.

WALES OR ENGLAND?

Records at Swansea.—Rugby men in Wales and England are looking forward with keen interest to the international match at Swansea on Saturday. The Welsh folk are greatly excited over the game, as the sale of all the stand and enclosure seats some time ago would indicate, and the St. Helen's ground promises to be inconveniently crowded, as it is not so well provided as the Cardiff Arms Park for the accommodation of a big gathering. The heavy rain was the result, the match has already been made memorable by the selection of Eric Hammett, the Newport and Swansea star, to play the quarter, by both unions.

Partners in Opposition.—Not expecting the honour from the Welsh Union, Hammett has thrown in his lot with England, while frankly admitting he would have preferred to play for Wales. He is expected to have been on the other side. As I wrote last week, he clearly belongs to Wales. One curious result of this selection is that Hammett, whom the Welsh selectors had chosen to partner Shea, will be in direct opposition to his clubmate. For England

Hammett will play on the left with Lowry, while Shea has now been moved into the centre—his club position—and has been given Mick Powell as his partner.

Crack Welsh Three-Quarter.—I have only seen Hammett twice—at the Rectory Field when playing for Newport and in the last Welsh Union trial—and on neither occasion did he impress me at all. At Twickenham I regarded him as something of a failure. A Welsh writer, whose opinion I respect, speaks highly of him, so perhaps it was my misfortune to see him when off-colour. No doubt on a Welsh ground and before a Welsh crowd he may find his best form. Probably Lowe and Krige on the right wing will have the harder task in opposing Arthur Jenkins and Bryn Evans, the Llanyfair pair. I have not seen either Welshman, but according to repute Jenkins is the best centre in the kingdom.

Well-Matched Backs.—If in one of his happy moods, Lowe may trouble the Welsh defence, as he is an exceptionally clever dodger, being able to accomplish much in a small space. In that respect he reminds me much of another small man, A. L. Brooke, the Old Leyland. At half-back England should not be at a disadvantage, but at full back Wales have the pull. It will be a great tussle between the forwards. Possibly the English will have the advantage of the close work, but I expect them to prove cleverer in the open. I expect Wales to be a difficult task to be on a Welsh ground, and England have not been successful on the Swansea ground for twenty-five years.

Better Late Than Never.—Middlesex took a long time to get on top against the Eastern Counties at Richmond yesterday. Fifteen minutes from the first half, the points belong to them, the Counties lost Watson and Orchard put on what proved to be the first of Middlesex's three tries. All of them were scored by the last man, and the Counties were beaten by 15 points to 3.

TOUCH JUDGE.

REEVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

Wells and Reeve.—Extraordinary interest is being manifested in the match between Bombarrier Wells and Harry Reeve, which takes place at the Canterbury Music Hall, under the management of Mr. Jack Callaghan, on the afternoon of January 27. Wells is a famous Welshman, and he has never lost a day or appeared more confident of regaining the British championship during the next few months. Wells is a stout, powerful lad, the lack of which is not surprising to hear from Mr. Callaghan that they are booking up a large number of ringside seats.

Gratified Desire.—Harry Reeve has never trained so seriously for any contest as he is doing now for his bout with "Bombarrier" Wells. He has been a keen boxer since he was a boy, and since he joined the Army, but has got it all off, and can see his toes again. Reeve was always a strong fighter, but not too quick. Since he has been training, he has been told he could beat Wells, and now has the wish of his life fulfilled—a match with the ex-champion.

Stadium To-night.—Major Arnold Wilson, Mr. C. B. Cochran's boxing manager at the Holborn Stadium, is a great believer in international contests as a draw. He has an attractive programme for to-night in bouts in which British, French and American boxers will participate. Journe, the big young Frenchman, in the Lincoln as a three-year-old, and Royal Bucks may have his "orthodox" preparation mixed with a spin over hurdles in public.

Was it a Record?—In beating Frank Moody, at Melksham, in eight rounds (eight and a half), King, the Englishman, probably established a record so far as fights of importance are concerned. Welshmen had "lasted" seven rounds in the first round of the future, but it had been painful proof of the fact that Lewis is not only wonderfully powerful, but also a very clever boxer. He has something to ponder upon, for it is inevitable that he and Lewis meet again, but it is inevitable that he and Lewis meet again, but it is inevitable that he and Lewis meet again.

Golf's Golden Year.—It looks as if 1920 is going to be a golden year for the golf professional. Two Scottish competitions for £500 and £300 at Largsmouth and Gullane respectively, will be decided by the end of the year. The British Match £500 competition at Westward Ho! in July and the £500 Vets of the World tournament at Mid-Surrey in October. There are some nice prizes to be won in the open championship.

TENBY PROGRAMME AND YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

1.30—KNIGHTS-THREE HURDLE, 400 yds; 2m. BEDPLATE, 12.10; 12.15; 12.20; 12.25; 12.30; 12.35; 12.40; 12.45; 12.50; 12.55; 13.00; 13.05; 13.10; 13.15; 13.20; 13.25; 13.30; 13.35; 13.40; 13.45; 13.50; 13.55; 14.00; 14.05; 14.10; 14.15; 14.20; 14.25; 14.30; 14.35; 14.40; 14.45; 14.50; 14.55; 15.00; 15.05; 15.10; 15.15; 15.20; 15.25; 15.30; 15.35; 15.40; 15.45; 15.50; 15.55; 16.00; 16.05; 16.10; 16.15; 16.20; 16.25; 16.30; 16.35; 16.40; 16.45; 16.50; 16.55; 17.00; 17.05; 17.10; 17.15; 17.20; 17.25; 17.30; 17.35; 17.40; 17.45; 17.50; 17.55; 18.00; 18.05; 18.10; 18.15; 18.20; 18.25; 18.30; 18.35; 18.40; 18.45; 18.50; 18.55; 19.00; 19.05; 19.10; 19.15; 19.20; 19.25; 19.30; 19.35; 19.40; 19.45; 19.50; 19.55; 20.00; 20.05; 20.10; 20.15; 20.20; 20.25; 20.30; 20.35; 20.40; 20.45; 20.50; 20.55; 21.00; 21.05; 21.10; 21.15; 21.20; 21.25; 21.30; 21.35; 21.40; 21.45; 21.50; 21.55; 22.00; 22.05; 22.10; 22.15; 22.20; 22.25; 22.30; 22.35; 22.40; 22.45; 22.50; 22.55; 23.00; 23.05; 23.10; 23.15; 23.20; 23.25; 23.30; 23.35; 23.40; 23.45; 23.50; 23.55; 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HOLIDAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS.
RIGHTON—Board-residence, 7s. 6d. day inclusive; bathes, 6s. 6d.; good table, home-comforts.—Hamilton, Black Lion-st. (Prom. Sand) Sea View.

Daily Mirror

Thursday, January 15, 1920.

COMEDIENNE'S AFFAIRS.



The creditors of Miss Beth Tate met yesterday at the London Bankruptcy Court. She is now in South Africa fulfilling an engagement, and no information was therefore available as to liabilities or assets.



Miss Daisy Fish (left), Mr. Thornton and another sister of deceased.



Mr. Holt, accused's father (bowler), and Mr. Callis.

Among those who gave evidence at the inquest on Mrs. Breaks were Miss Daisy Fish, a sister of the deceased, and the husband. Mr. Callis is solicitor for the defence. See news pages for verdict. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



Mr. T. H. Gillett, who found the right-hand shoe.



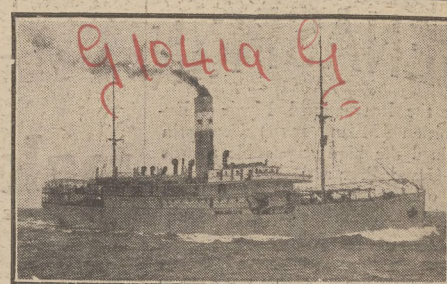
Mr. Breaks, the husband of the deceased, arriving at court.



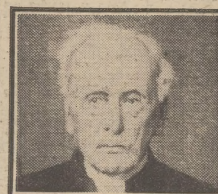
Brant House, Parkside, Wimbledon, showing the nursery window through which the thieves made their entry.



A GREEK GODDESS.—Miss Fay Compton as Psyche will be a beautiful figure at the Pan Ball at Covent Garden to-night. She is producing a new play at the Haymarket.



THE ILL-FATED AFRIQUE.—News was received yesterday that three more unknown third class passengers had been picked-up, but report that the Anversville had rescued some others has, unfortunately, proved erroneous. The vessel, seen above, foundered in the Bay of Biscay.



FIFTY YEARS A BISHOP.—Bishop Stirling, who was consecrated Bishop in 1889, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and as the oldest being present.



FOR BRAVERY.—Coxswain William F. P. Stanton, who is to be presented to-day with the Royal Naval Medal for his gallant actions.



Mr. and Mrs. Walford's four children at play. Inset, Louise, the French maid, who discovered the loss.

£20,000 JEWEL ROBBERY.—Though the two little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Walford were asleep in the nursery when the thieves entered they were undisturbed.



YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.—Mr. F. Huth Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Huth Jackson, and his bride, Miss Helen Vinogradoff, daughter of Sir F. and Lady Vinogradoff, of Oxford, leaving St. James', Piccadilly.